

FIG. 1A

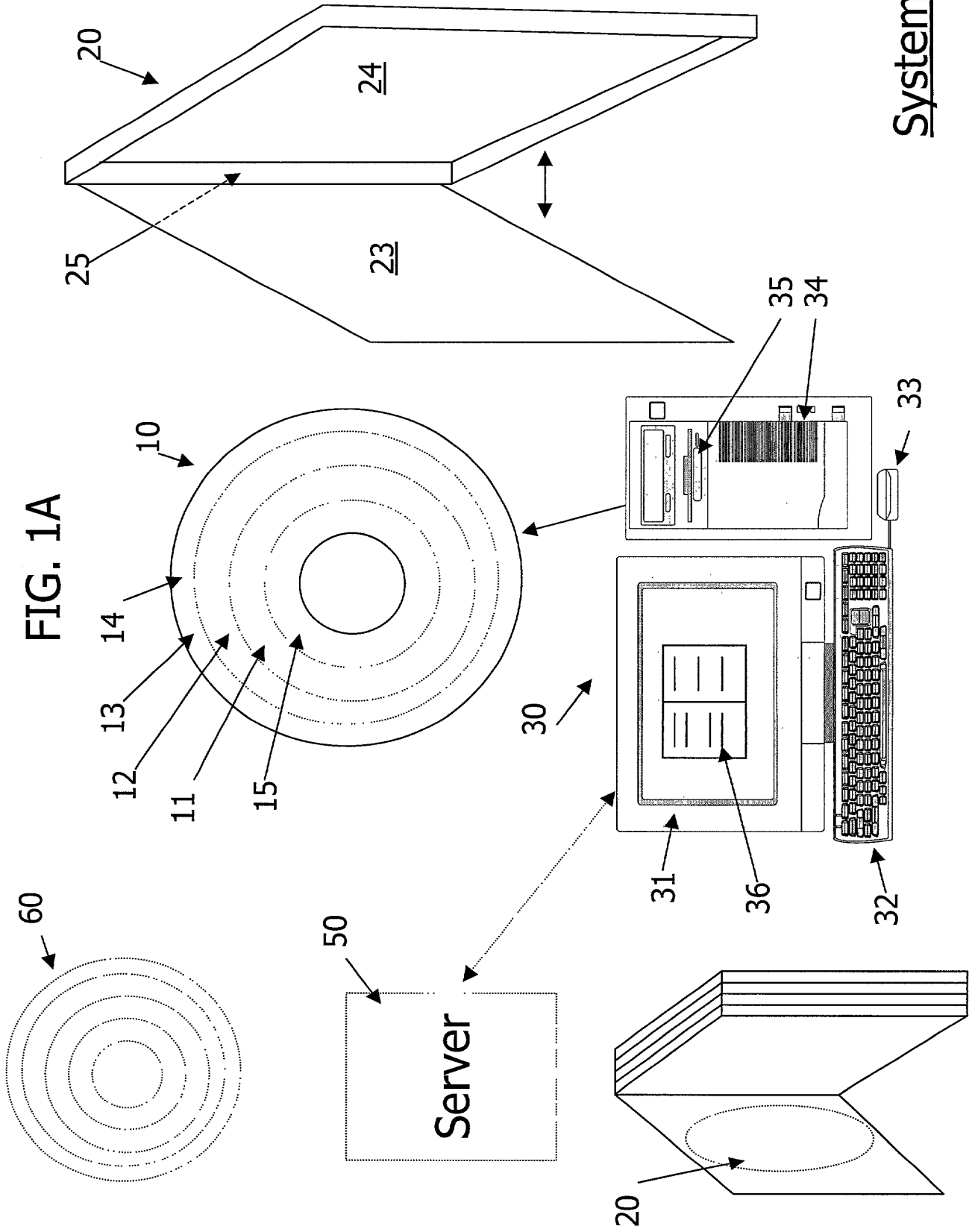
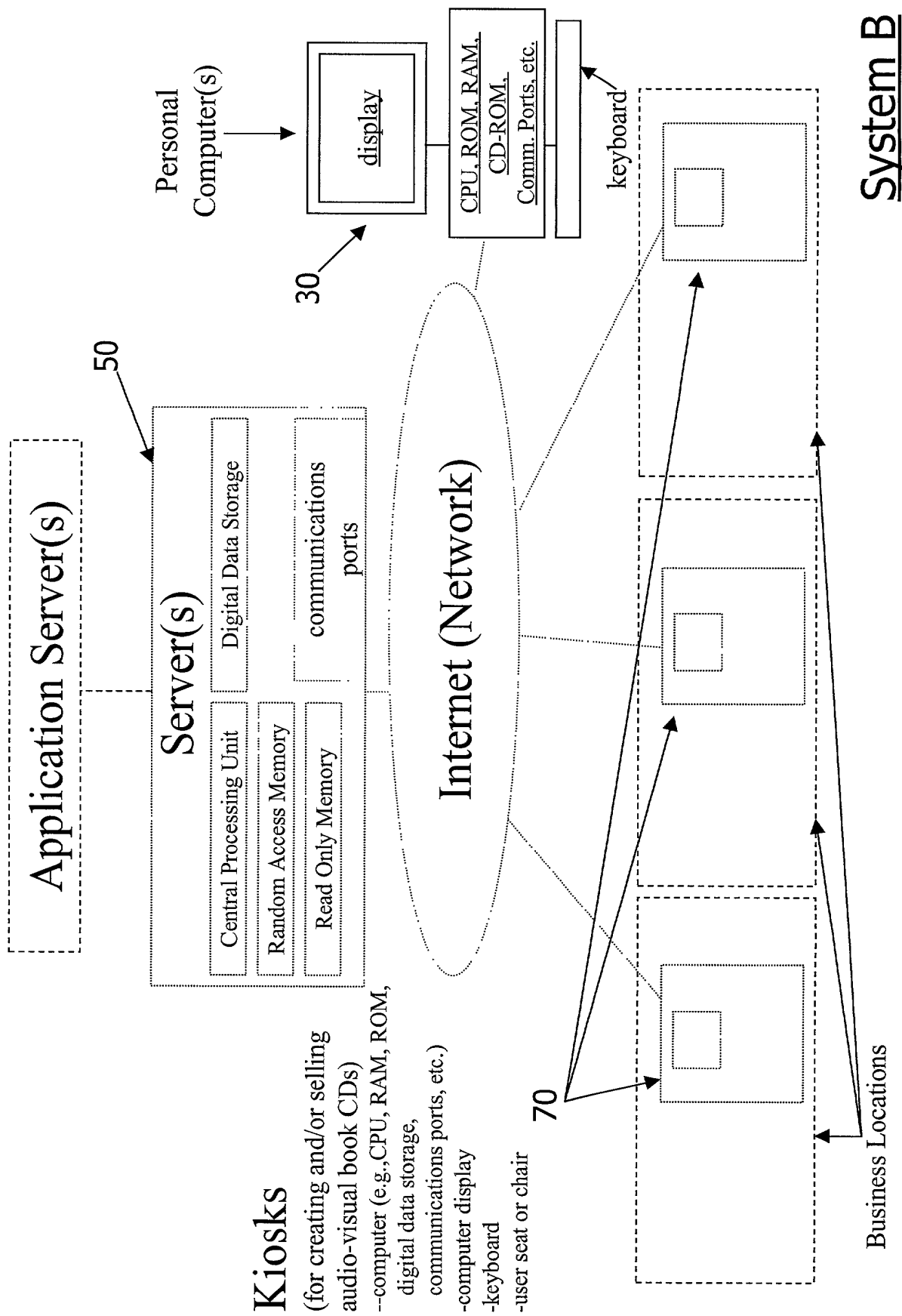


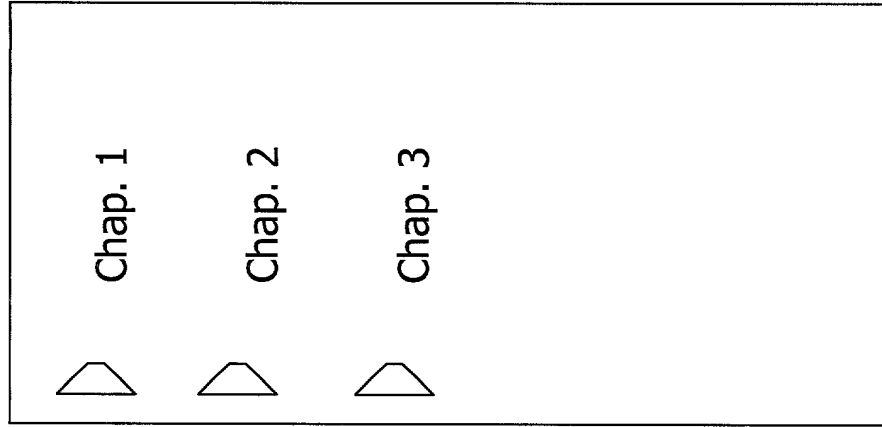
FIG. 1B



[illegible]

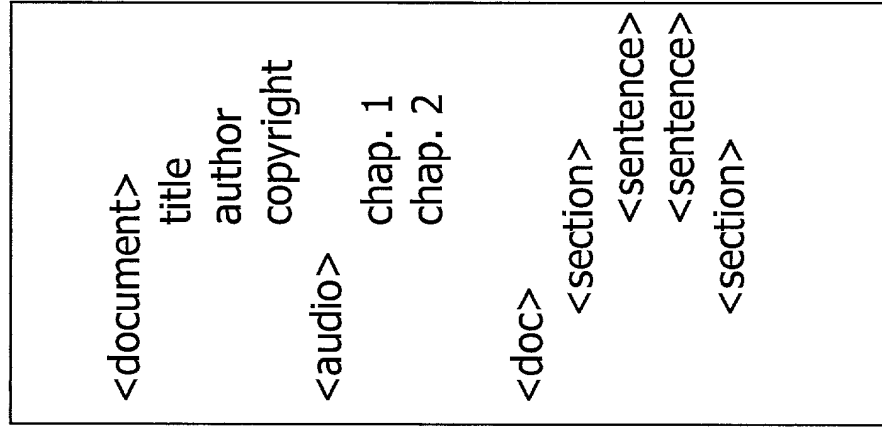
your voice, and you can use it to create a document that is as good as the original. You can also use it to create a document that is as good as the original.

AUDIO



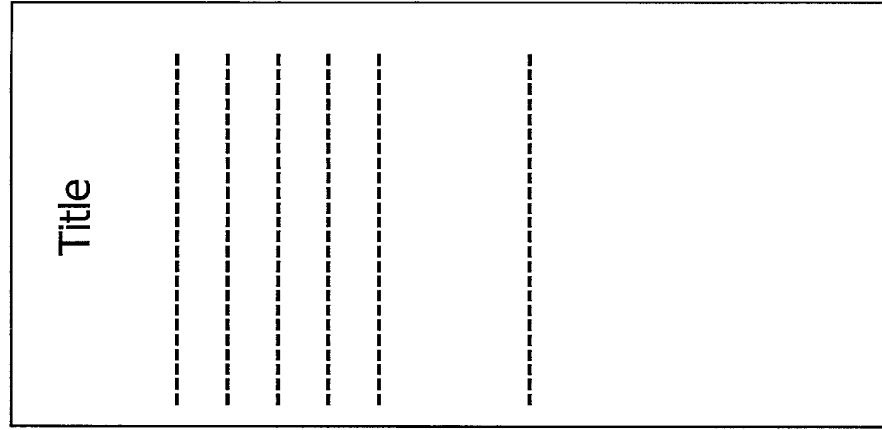
110

XML



120

DOC



130

Natural Voice
To Text Link

FIG. 3A

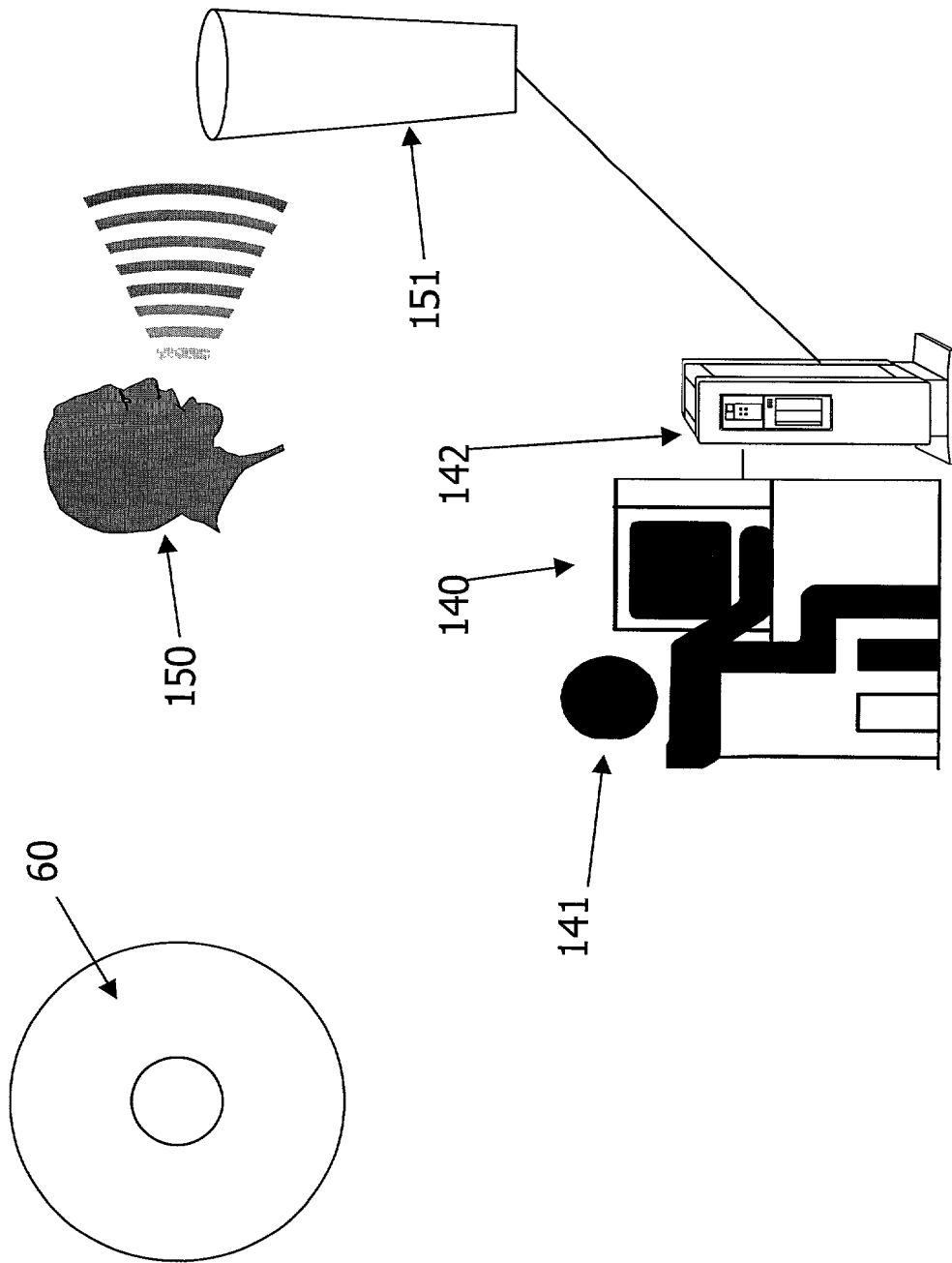
xml:lang="en" xml:space="preserve" xmlns="http://www.w3.org/XML/1998/namespace" xmlns:xsi="http://www.w3.org/2001/XMLSchema-instance" xsi:schemaLocation="http://www.w3.org/XML/1998/namespace http://www.w3.org/2001/XMLSchema-instance"/>

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<AVBook lastID="521" filename="">
  <Package Title="untitled" Author="" Publisher="" Copyright="" Output_Name="unknown.avb"
    Description="" Narration_Details="" Notes=""
    Title_Image_Path="D:\_Code\_Projects\AVBooks\Books\Harry Potter Cover.jpg" filename=""/>
  <Document id="id1" name="Section One.rtf"
    filename="D:\_Code\_Projects\AVBooks\Books\Harry\Section One.rtf"/>
  <Book>
    <Section id="id25" name="Reader Intro" audio_file="id51" filename="Section One.rtf">
      <Sentence start_pos="0" length="11" id="id449" audio_file="id51" start_time="3.652417"
        filename="Section One.rtf"/>
      <Sentence start_pos="16" length="17" id="id450" audio_file="id51" start_time="7.441496"
        filename="Section One.rtf"/>
    </Section>
    <Section id="id67" name="Gragment 1" audio_file="id91" filename="Section One.rtf">
      <Sentence start_pos="35" length="123" id="id84" audio_file="id91" start_time="0"
        end_time="112.19565" filename="Section
        One.rtf"/>
    </Section>
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      <Sentence start_pos="16" length="19" id="id485" audio_file="id488" start_time="1.3831514"/>
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  </AudioFiles>
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    filename="D:\_Code\_Projects\AVBooks\Books\Harry\Intro.2.mp3"/>
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    1.mp3"/>
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    filename="D:\_Code\_Projects\AVBooks\Books\Harry\Paragraph 2.mp3"/>
  </Book>
</AVBook>
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FIG. 3B

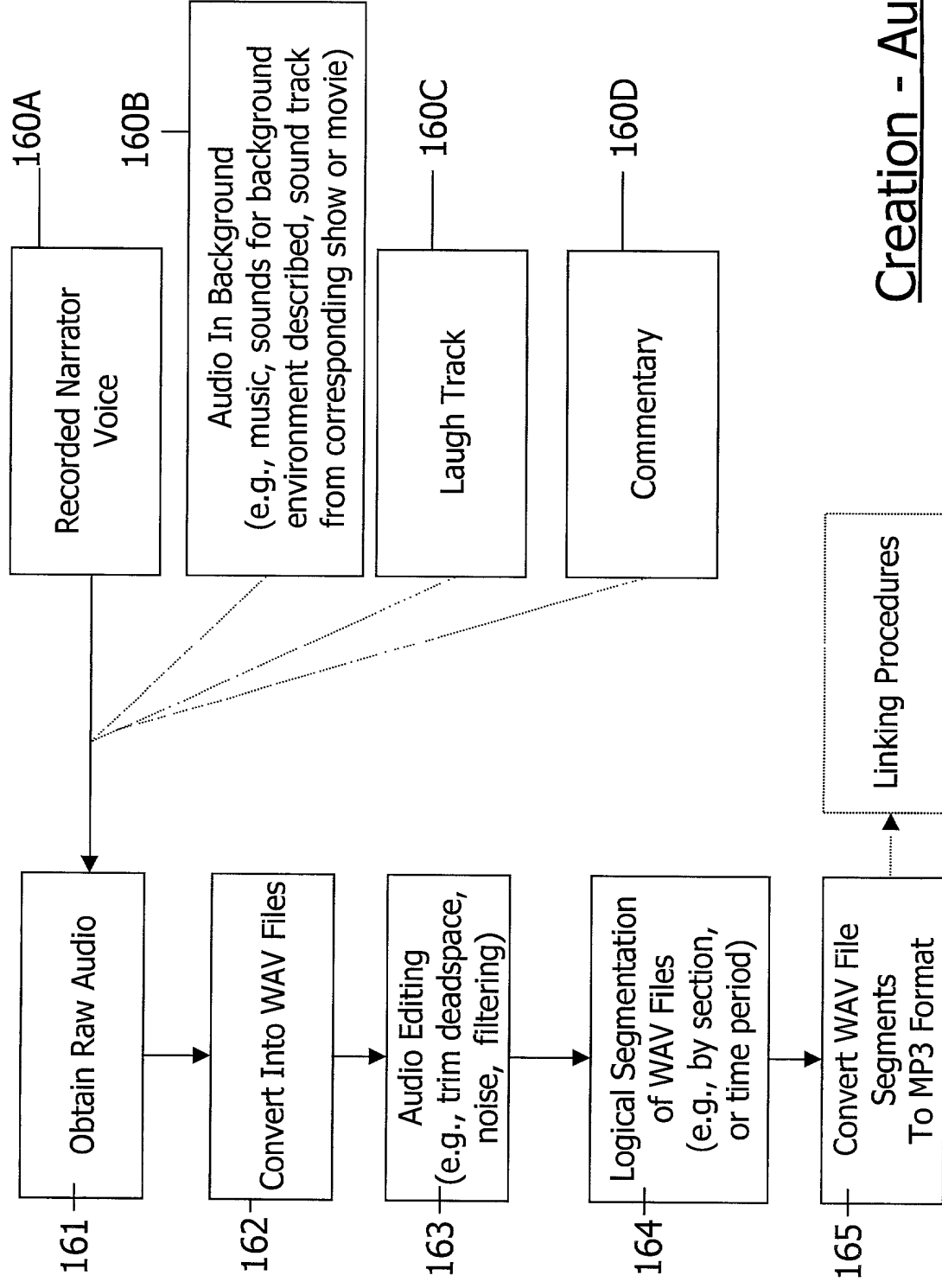
Book XML File

FIG. 4



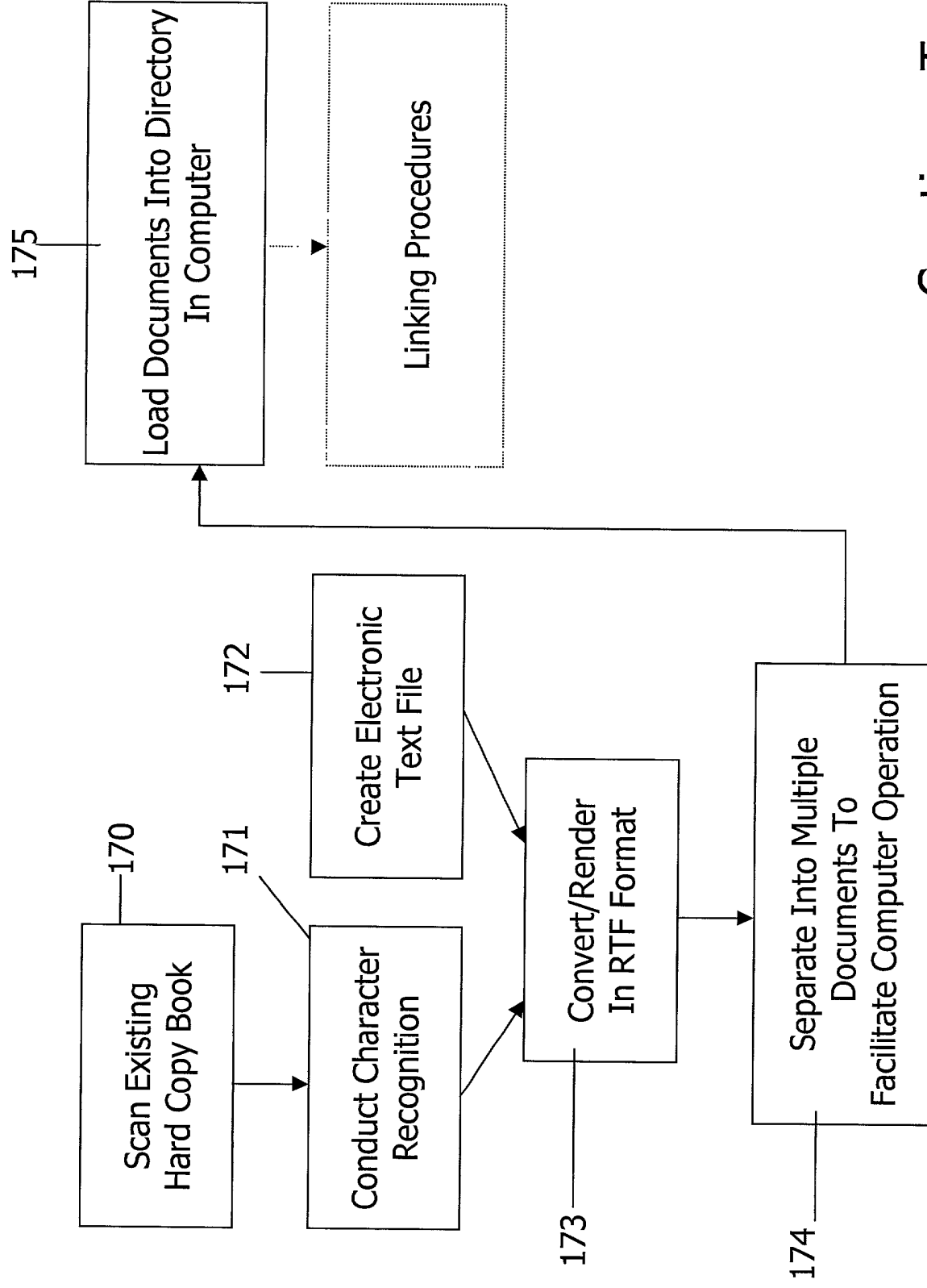
Creation

FIG. 5



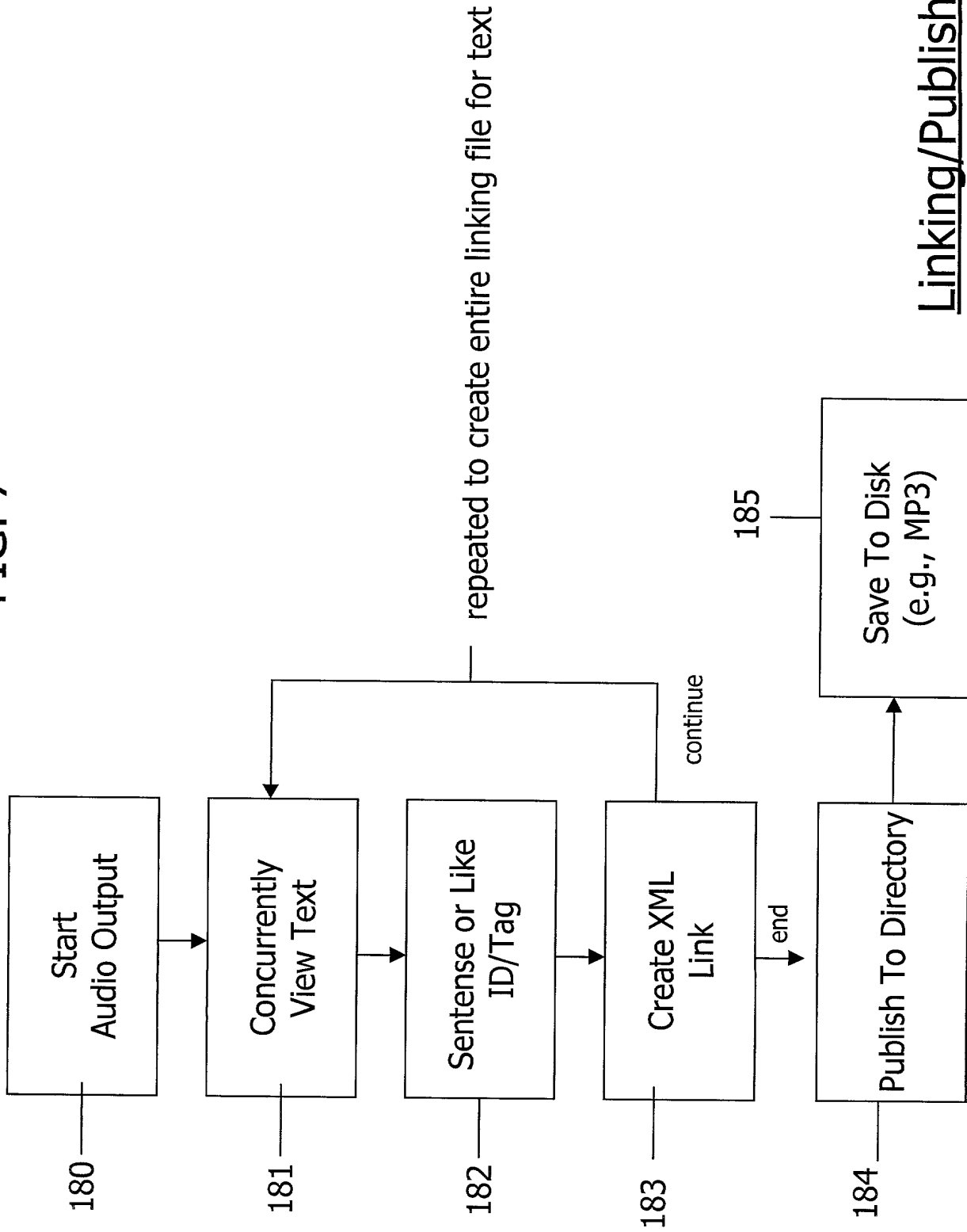
Creation - Audio

FIG. 6

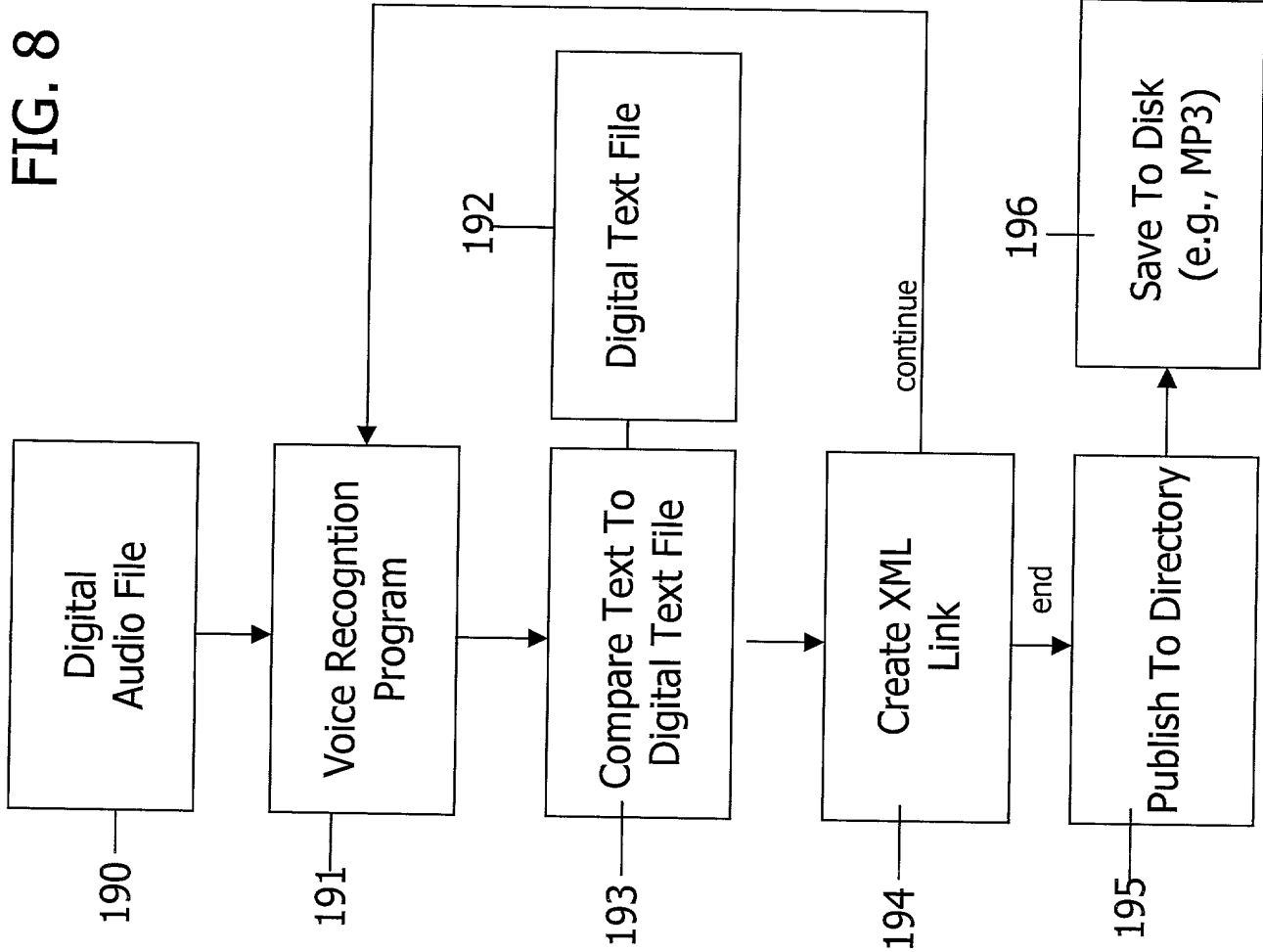


Creation - Text

FIG. 7



Linking/Publishing



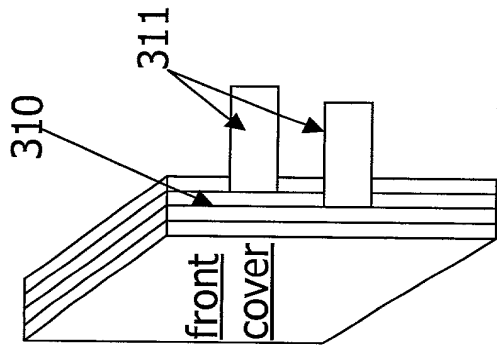


FIG. 9B

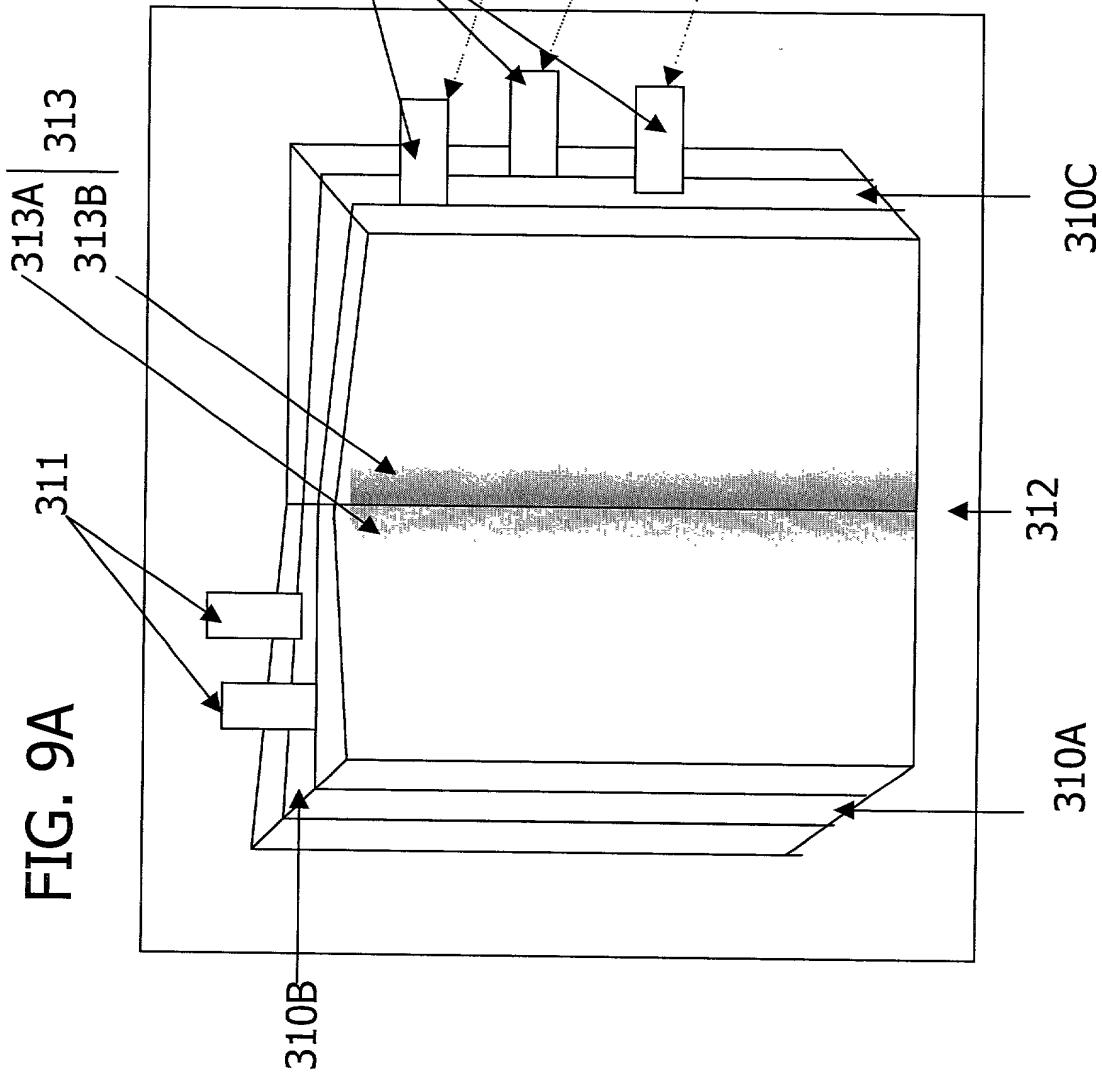


FIG. 9C

200

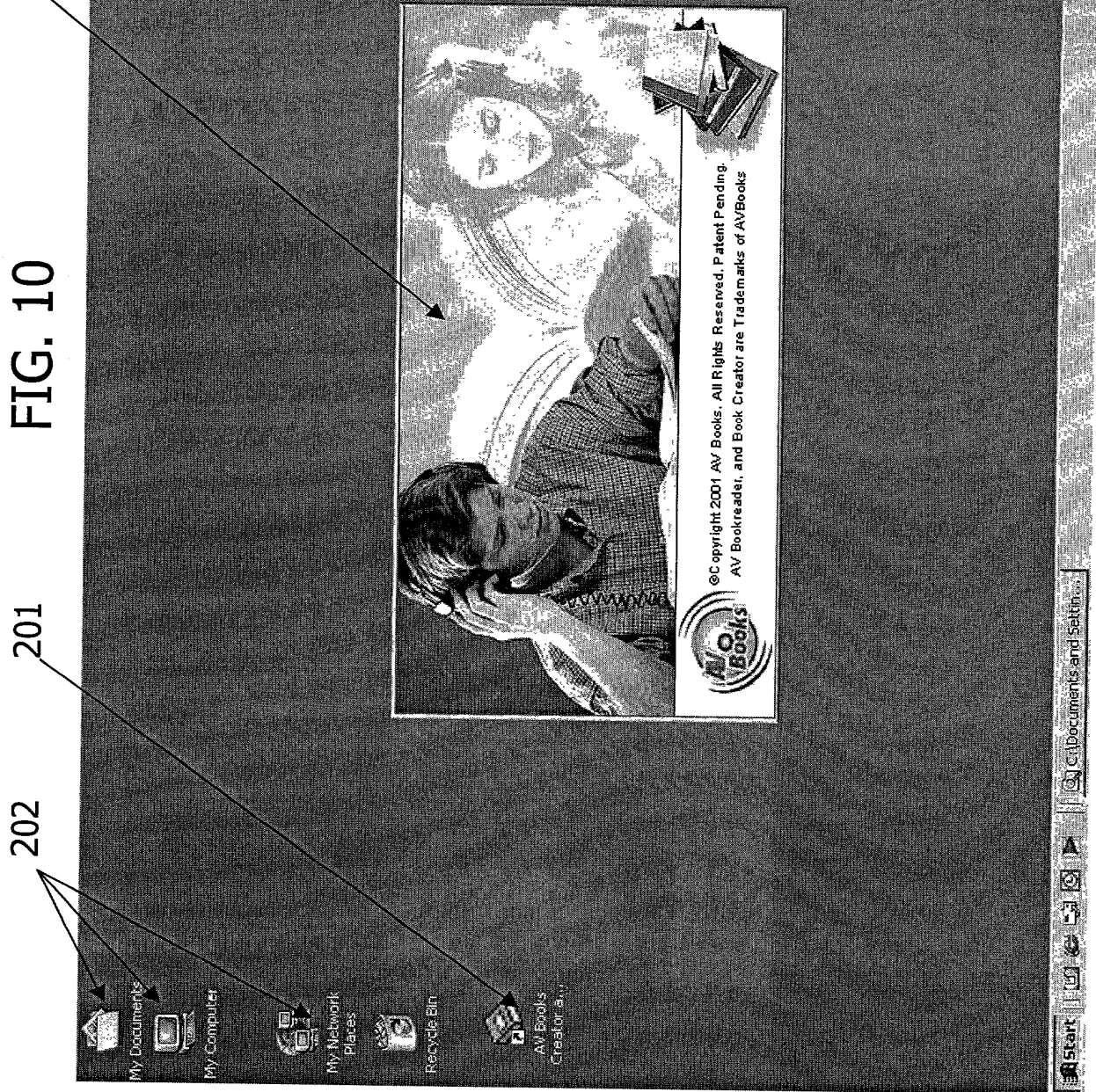


FIG. 11

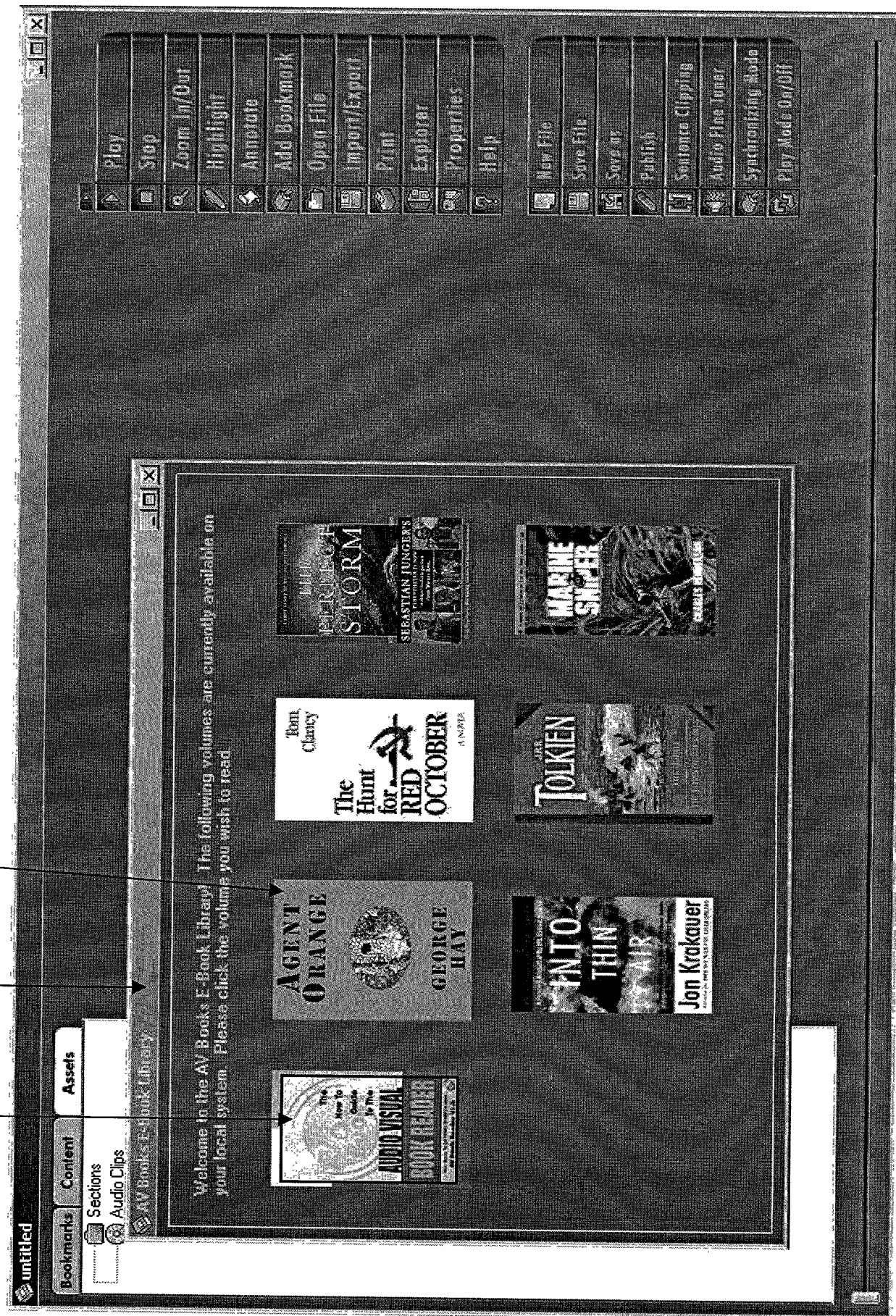


FIG. 12

240

220

230

233

232

231

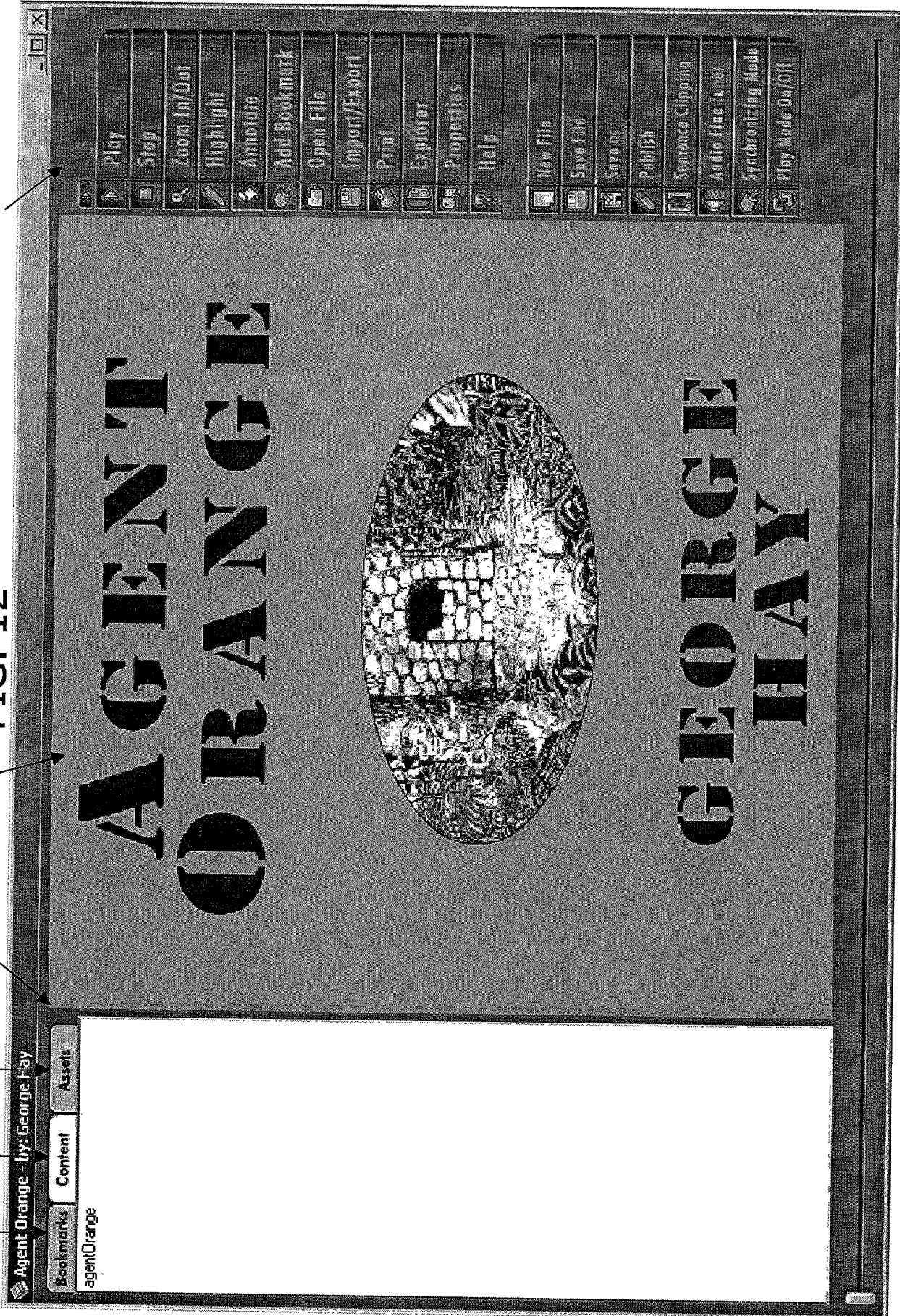
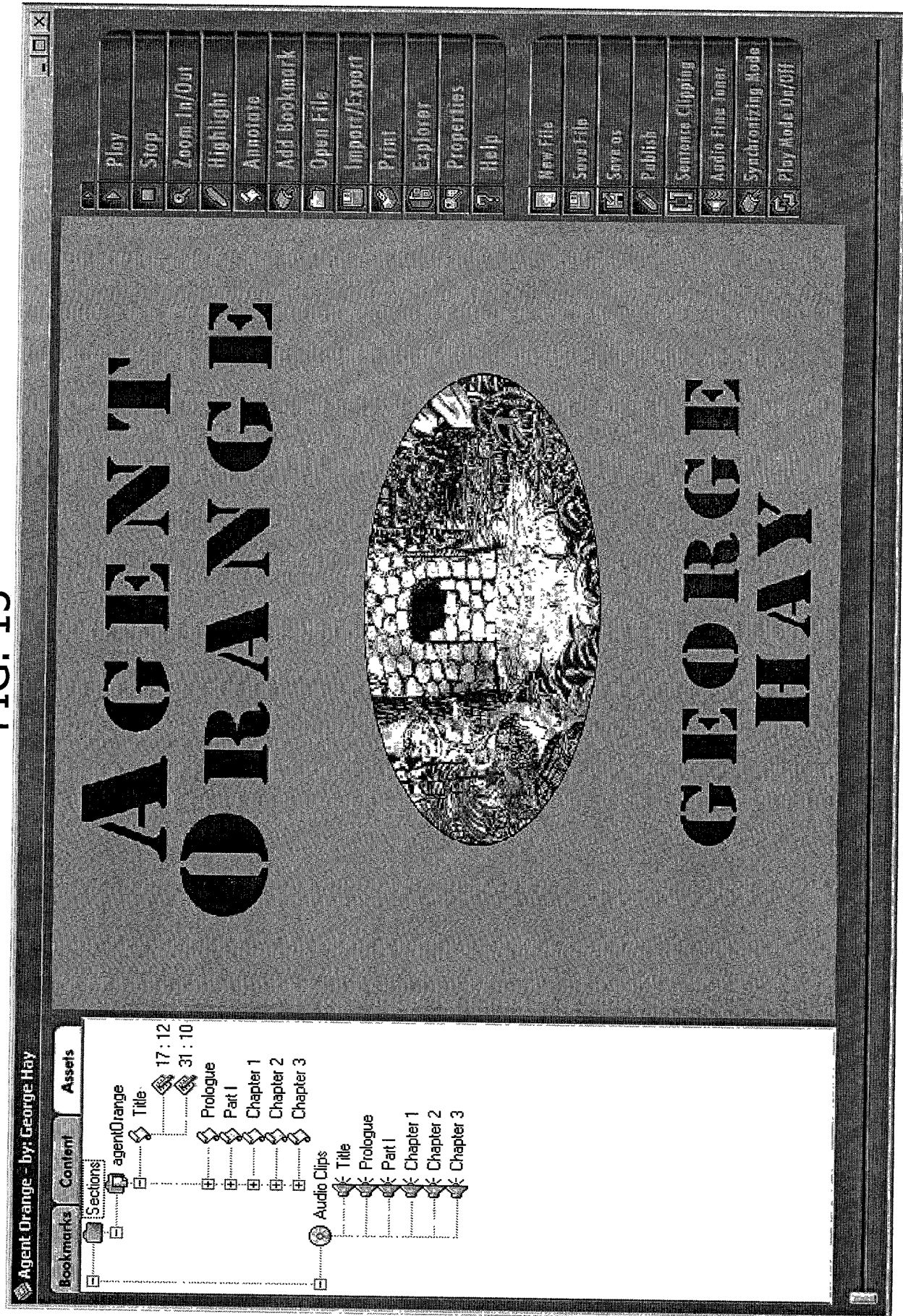


FIG. 13



250 FIG. 14

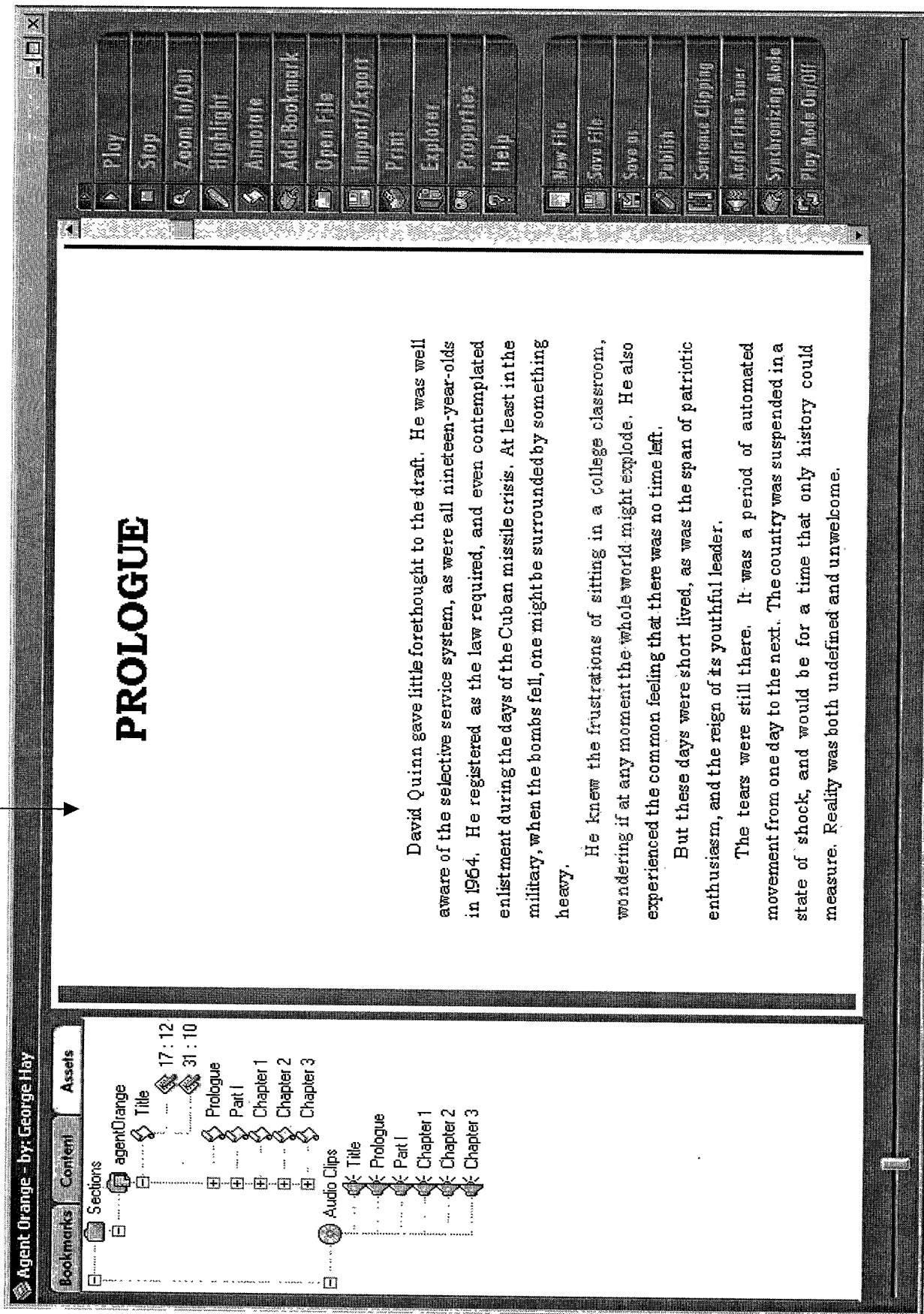


FIG. 15

240

250

231N

231S

231

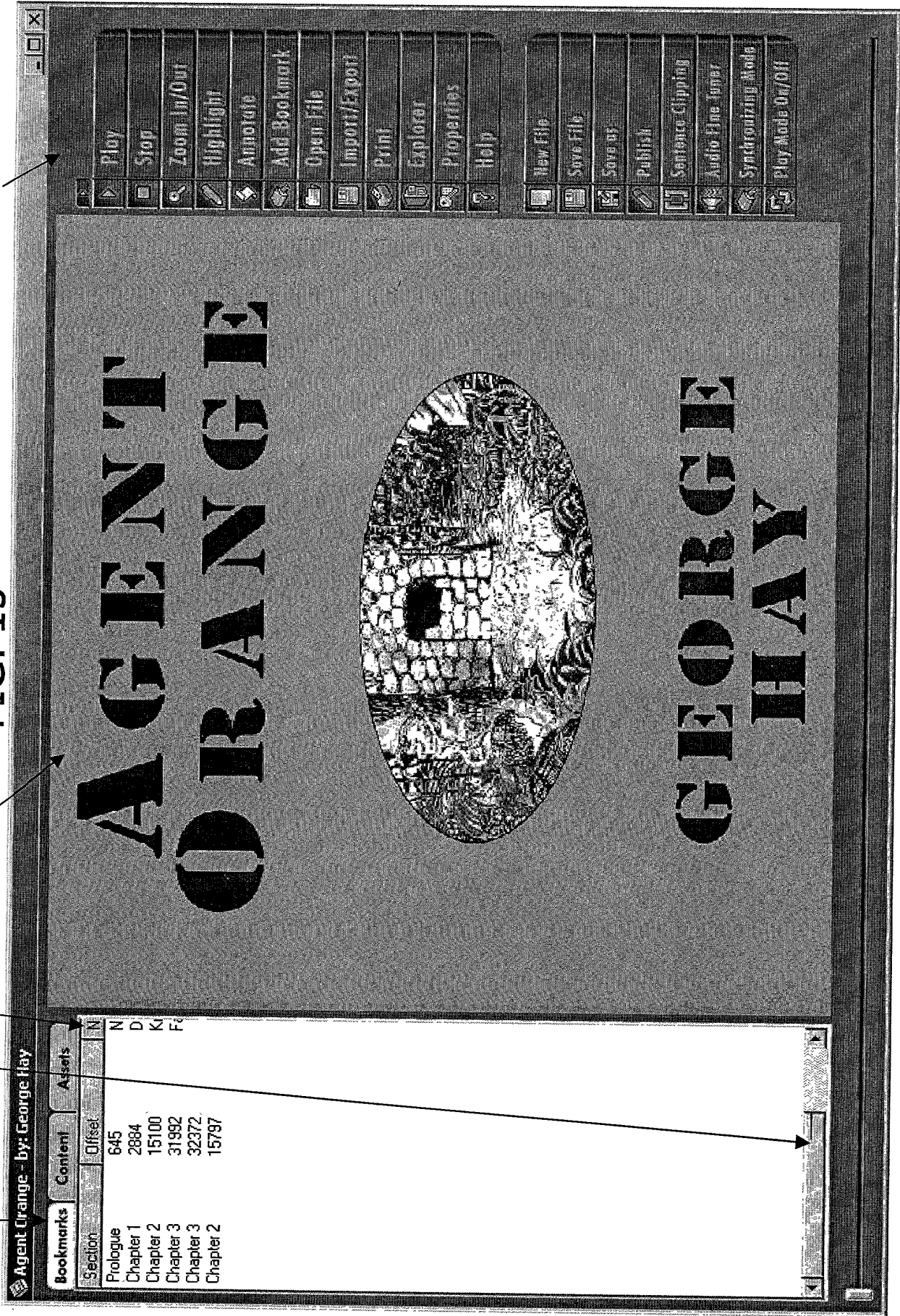



FIG. 16


Properties

Book Properties

Title	Agent Orange - by: George Hay
Author	George Hay
Publisher	
Copyright	
Title Image Path	C:\Program Files\BookReader\Book\Geor
Description	
Notes	

Highlighting Properties

Current Highlighter Color: 

Select Highlighter Color: 

OK Cancel Apply Changes

260

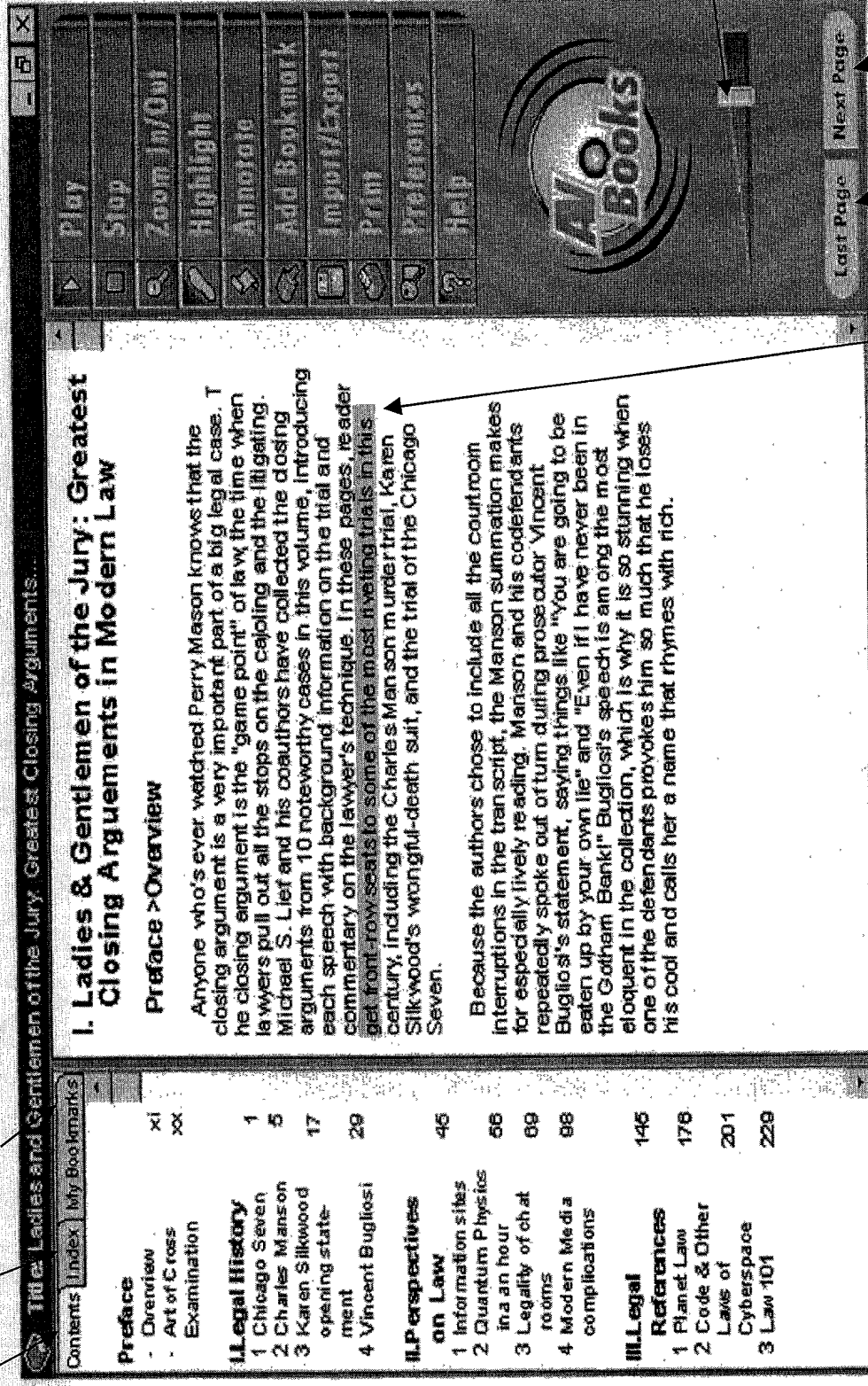


FIG. 17

230A

240B

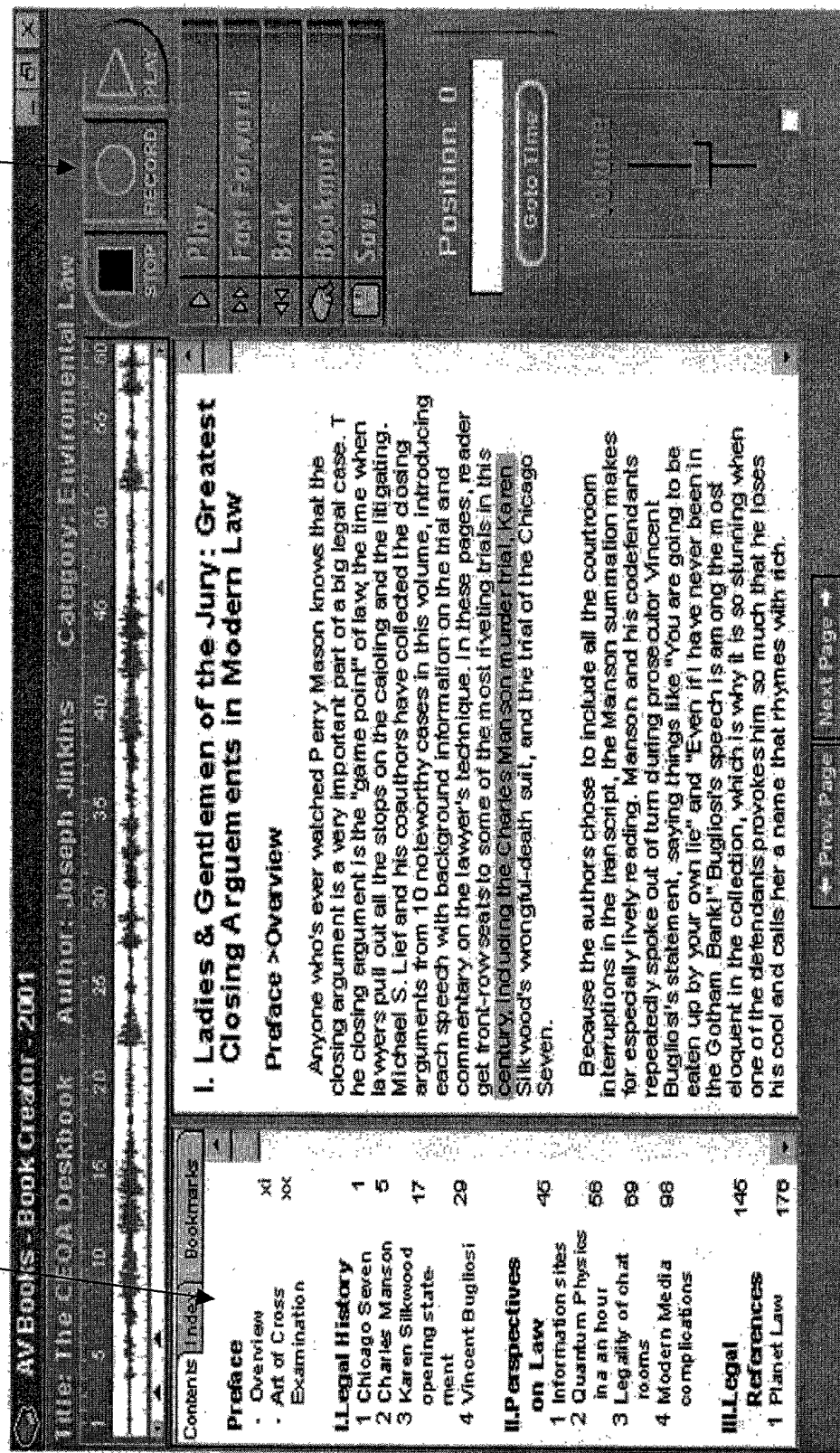


FIG. 18

ready is. Feelings about the picture's meanings flashed quickly now into his mind, and he wanted to toss them out for his mentor's consideration.

Frustrated, he could not formulate these thoughts into a single observation. The concepts were all there, he realized, as they were here now. The problems, the dilemmas. The damnable code of the West. And the solution. The gun.

Quinn knew now that the movie was, to Matt, more than just a story of the West. But there was a relevance that somehow eluded his reasoning.

"It's about killing, isn't it?" he blurted out dissatisfied with the statement even before he'd completed the sentence.

Matt nodded. "Yeah, I guess..." his voice trailed off.

They stood in the hallway facing each other in silence. The moment was awkward.

"Get some sleep," Matt finally asserted. "It may be a long day tomorrow, and you'll need it."

"Matt," David called, halfway through his doorway. "What's happening?"

Matt looked down at the floor, and then directly back at Quinn.

"Don't know yet," he said. "Be patient, we'll know soon enough. Perhaps tomorrow." He paused again, lowering his head, then looking up quickly in a departing gesture. "Good night, son."

This final exchange weighed heavier on Quinn's mind than anything he had seen or heard this evening.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Quinn rode to the Pentagon in the back seat. The two faces up front were familiar. The vehicle was different. This time it was a battleship gray sedan. He intended to examine the tags, but forgot to do so on both entry and egress.

It was the front seat passenger who alighted and walked with David into the bowels of the Pentagon complex. His night's sleep had been anything but restful. With his mind still foggy he was more than happy to have this escort. The man walked in silence at a fast pace, which David appreciated. It helped clear his brain.

Matt had dragged him out of his restless sleep by phone at 6:30, sounding as if he had been awake for hours. The only instructions David remembered were that they would meet in Harvey's office at 8:30.

It seemed they had walked for miles when the escort stopped abruptly outside an unmarked door.

"Go right in, sir," he said crisply, opening the door in a similar manner.

Quinn passed through, and the door closed behind him. The escort did not follow.

The room was bright and cold. A secretary sat typing at her desk.

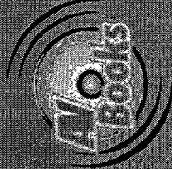
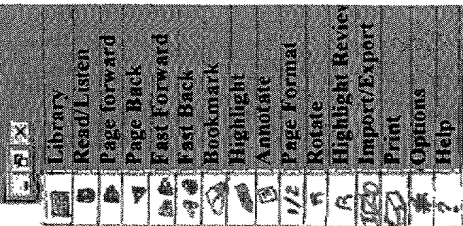


FIG. 19